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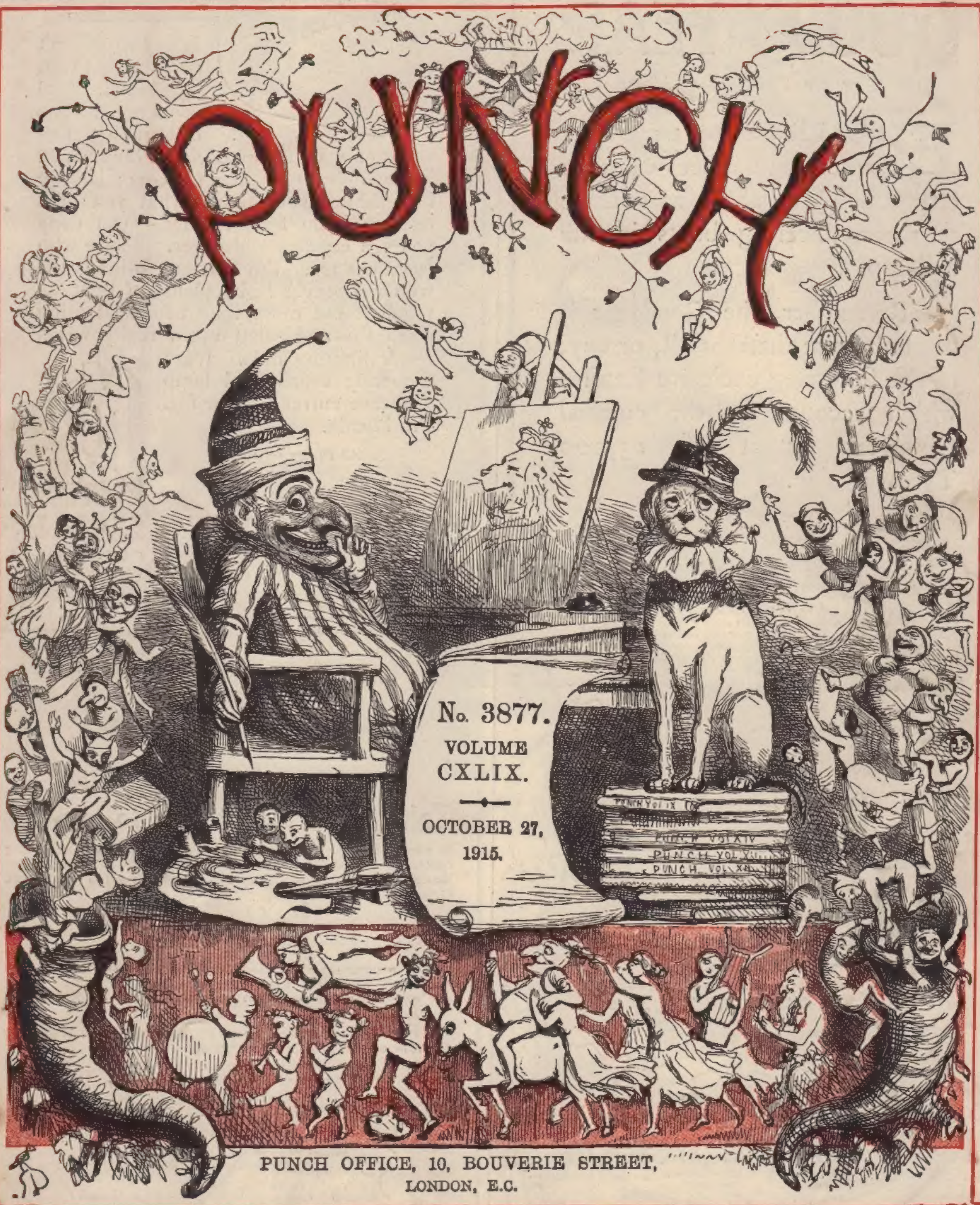

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VOLUME
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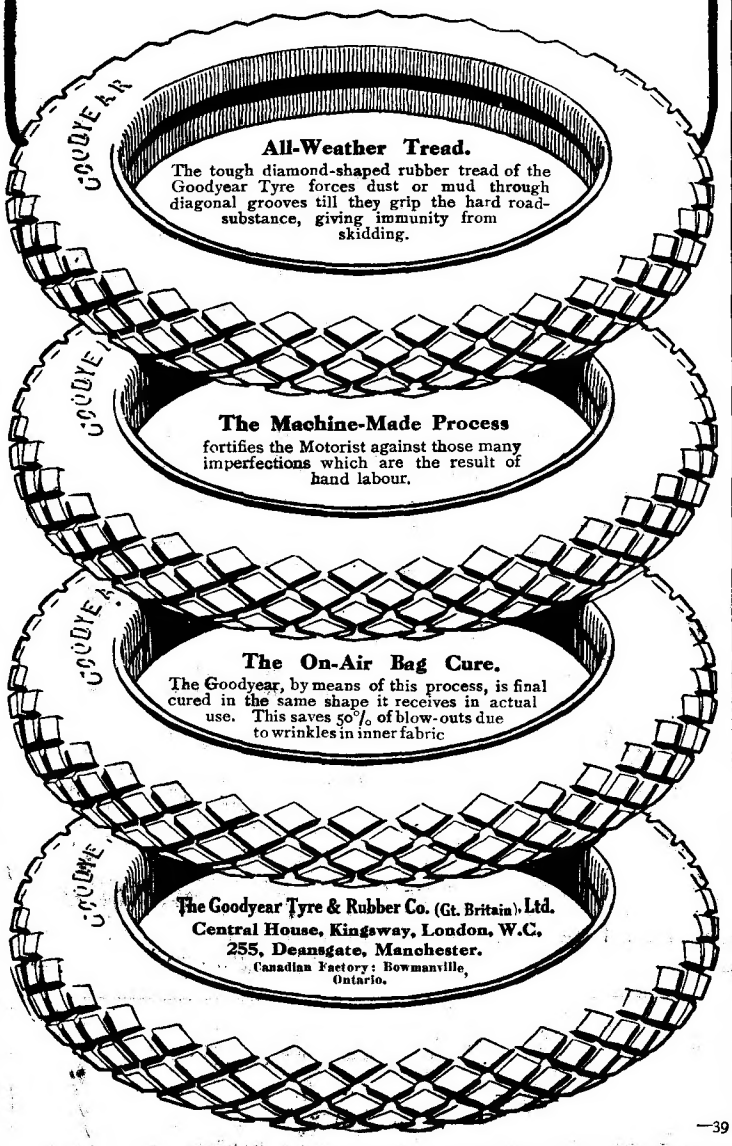
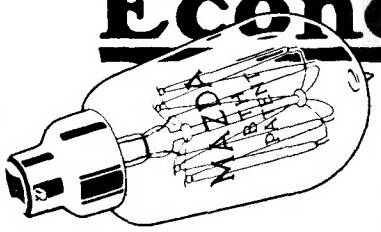


—39

Economy



Economy doesn't necessarily mean self-denial. Real economy means obtaining the same or a better article at a lower cost. Take lighting. Don't economise by diminishing your light—what you gain one way you lose another—you deny yourself comfort and cheer. Those who *know* use me. I'm Mazda. Mine is the true economy. I give plenty of light (as much if not more than before), lasting strength—and what users really want, lower lighting bills. I am the truly economical lamp—I save current. Use me. I'm Mazda.

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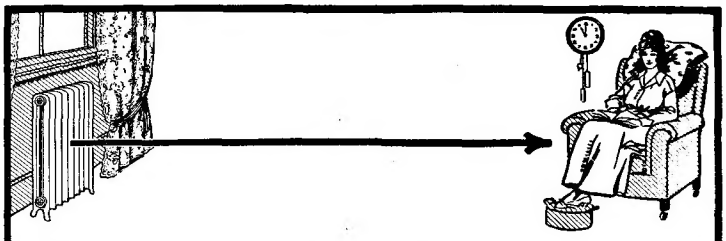

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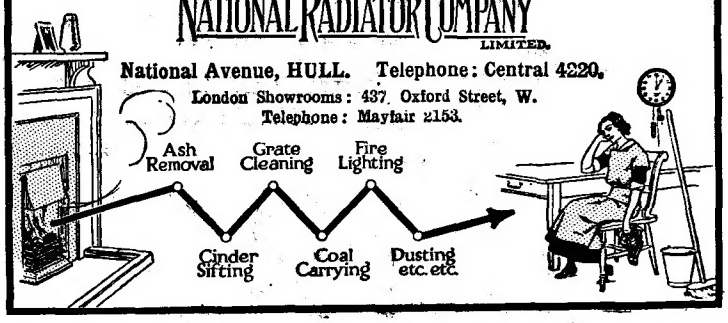

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO
H.M. THE KING.

Public Notice

OWING to a Postal Regulation that parcels containing bottles cannot in future be accepted for despatch by Parcel Post to the British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Forces, we regret having to withdraw our extensively advertised offer to send a special 5/- case of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** direct to any member of the Expeditionary Force on the Western Front

The ordinary supplies of the Original and Genuine Worcestershire Sauce will, of course, continue to be obtainable by the public in the usual way, and we understand that it is now available at the Front.

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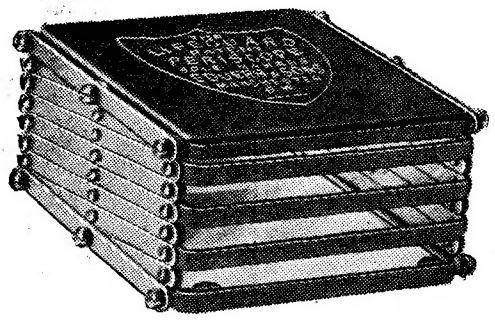

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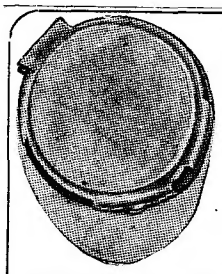

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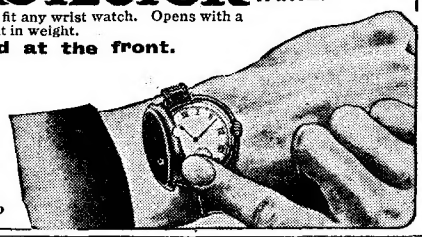

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BEST BROWN BREAD

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Money returned if dissatisfied.
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BECAUSE
It positively defies the cold—Keeps out the penetrating wind—and maintains a healthy body warmth.
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For prevention of Gun-Deafness
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Used by all branches of the Services.

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The treatment is very pleasant. You just dissolve the Crystals in a hot bath.

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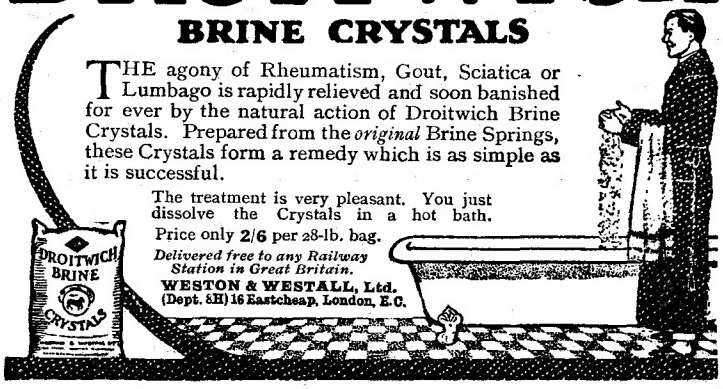

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HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf). 100 for 3/8; 50 for 1/10

Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

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IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P572.

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A War Lesson

If there were still the lurking shadow of a doubt about *wool*-wear being the *best* wear, doesn't the marvellous health of our fighting men for ever set your mind at rest?

Every man jack of them wears pure wool next his skin? And as surely as *wool*-wear is the *best* wear, so Wolsey is the best wool-wear.

The comfort, the fit and finish, the service, the value of *every* Wolsey garment attest it. The world's record sales of Wolsey prove it. Make sure of your *health* and *your* economy; make sure to get Wolsey.

Wolsey

Pure Wool Underwear

In garments for men, women and children. Every garment unshrinkable or replaced free. See the Trade Mark.

The Wolsey Underwear Co. Leicester

430

458—27/6

Easy to Buy

MEN who wear Lotus find boot-buying an easy matter. They walk into the nearest agent's, choose their style, and walk out again, if they so wish it, wearing the boots. For there is no such thing as breaking in a pair of Lotus. Lotus are old friends from the beginning, slip on easily, bed down comfortably, and one's feet feel at home in them at once.

Lotus

Letters: Lotus, Limited, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Boots. Agents everywhere.

"Record" gives your faded tans that *exclusive* "Record" rich Toney colour—the fashionably *correct* shade that is imparted by no other polish.

For the sake of *correctness* then, you should use only

'Record' Toney Red Boot Polish

And as none but the best of waxes go to make this stain-polish—by using it you are certain of giving a polish to your boots that is truly lustrous and hard—so hard that none of the colouring matter can come off to soil your clothes or hands.

4½d. and 6d. Use it daily for boots, belts, leggings, saddles. Get a tin from your Grocer or Boot Dealer. 27/10/15

Send this Coupon for Samples.

Record Polish Co. Ltd., Eccles.

RECORD POLISH Co., Ltd., ECCLES.

Please send me a trial tin of 'Record' Toney Red Boot Polish for which I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

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The work of the Y.M.C.A. forms an endless chain of Empire.

Great Y.M.C.A. Appeal for Second Year of War.

£250,000

urgently needed to maintain and extend the great work the Y.M.C.A. is doing for our gallant soldiers and sailors.

THROUGH the generous subscriptions of individual members of the public, Y.M.C.A. centres, huts, marquees and buildings of various kinds have sprung up throughout the Military Camps—more than 1,000 in number—making an endless chain throughout the Empire.

These Y.M.C.A. centres are being devoted to the well-being, spiritual, social, educational, and physical, of our gallant soldiers, who are fighting, or about to fight, for everything we hold dear.

In warmth and shelter and comfort, men here meet together for everything that goes to promote discipline and moral character, for conversation, for games, for intellectual exercises, for everything that comforts and helps.

This vast organisation of making and maintaining a home for almost every man in our Army requires, in spite of the most rigid economy, four hundred and thirty-eight pounds a day for its efficient upkeep.

Under these circumstances we make an urgent appeal to the whole British Nation to share in this great work.

You may not, personally, have been able to subscribe a sum sufficiently large to erect a Y.M.C.A. hut bearing your own name. Yet you may welcome the privilege, both as a citizen of the Empire and as a friend of soldiers, to come forward now and contribute whatever you can afford to the carrying on of this great work, lest without your assistance it be handicapped, or even curtailed.

The value of every effort that will help to break the monotony of training and sustain the spirit of the troops is inestimable.

By supporting this work of the Y.M.C.A. you will be directly contributing to the power of the armies to bring about more speedily the end of the War.

The War Office have shown their appreciation of this point by the facilities they have given to the Y.M.C.A. for the extension of the work.

The need is urgent. The field is vast.

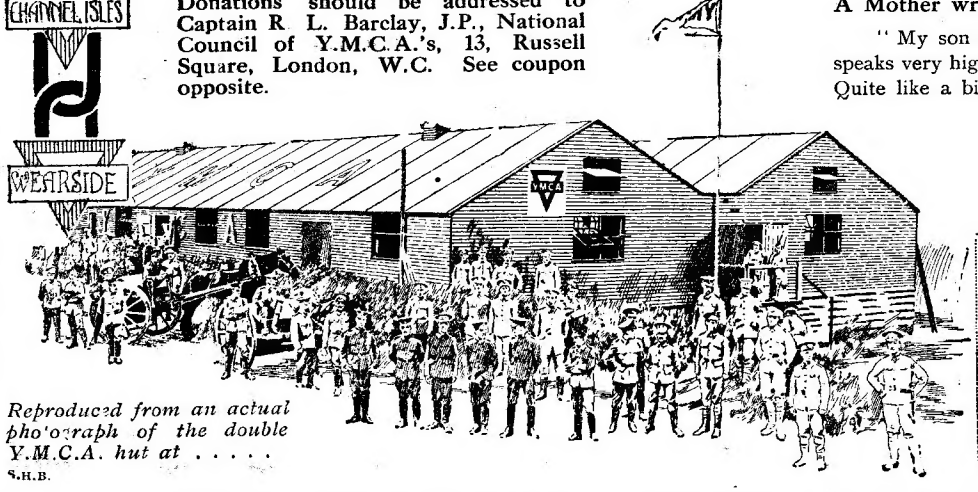
We are not asking you for any specific sum, because we know that a noble sense of patriotism and duty will urge you to ask yourself frankly what is the most you can afford, and to send that sum, and no less, without delay.

Will you add your link to the chain to-day?

Donations should be addressed to Captain R. L. Barclay, J.P., National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, 13, Russell Square, London, W.C. See coupon opposite.

A Mother writes:—

"My son has been greatly cheered, and speaks very highly of your tent in Alexandria. Quite like a bit of home."



Reproduced from an actual photograph of the double Y.M.C.A. hut at . . . . .

S.H.B.

POST THIS FORM TO-DAY.

To Captain R. L. Barclay, J.P., 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

I have pleasure in enclosing £.....
towards the special work of the Y.M.C.A. for the troops

Name.....

Address.....

.....

10

CHARIVARIA.

AN American, recently returned from Germany, asserts that in order to protect the KAISER from capture or injury four soldiers made up to resemble him travel about in duplicates of the Imperial car and receive the cheers of the populace. It is charitably supposed that one at least of the dummies has gone beyond the passive *rôle* assigned to him, and that this accounts for some of the strange utterances attributed to the KAISER.

***

After declaring that the KAISER fires the imagination of every German "because in him there live again the combined spirits of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Charlemagne," the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* asserts that "we Germans would gladly follow his lead through the very gates of hell, were it necessary." The qualification is surely superfluous.

***

Miss MARY BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, says that at one of the base-hospitals in France, when a wounded man is to be sent home, three pieces of tape are tied at the foot of the bed, and from that moment the patient can think of nothing else. A similar phenomenon has been observed in some of the Government offices at home.

***

After the success of a Maubeuge factory chimney in killing a Zeppelin crew, it is reported that Sir PERCY SCOTT is about to build a ring of similar structures all round London.

***

The publishers of J. R. GREEN'S *Short History of the English People* announce "a new and final edition." This indication that British annals will shortly be closed has given great pleasure in Berlin.

***

Mr. APPLETON, secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, is reported to have said that "those who were in favour of conscription were not playing cricket." He might have added, with at least equal truth, that some of those who are opposed to conscription are still playing football.

***

According to Sir HERBERT TREE (as reported in a Birmingham paper) "only the force and calm of humour could stay us from crossing the borderland which separated despair from madness." But where are we at present?

***

On learning from *The British Medical Journal* that the heart is "insensitive to direct stimulation" several of our minor poets have retired from business.

THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT.

Garage Assistant. "THERE'S THE ZEPPELIN, SIR—RIGHT OVERHEAD! COME IN, OR SHE'LL HAVE A BOMB ON US!"

Enthusiastic Engineer. "MY! AIN'T HER ENGINES RUNNING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!"

A Mitcham woman was fined £5 at Croydon recently for taking a bite out of a police-sergeant's hand. For the same money she might almost have had a whole cheese sandwich at one of our night clubs.

***

The Chicago Times reports that JACQUES LEBAUDY, "Emperor of Sahara," has consented to undergo treatment in an American asylum for what he calls "those sudden ideas." Some of our War experts are made of sterner stuff.

In an otherwise appreciative notice of the new play at the Kingsway Theatre, the writer observes, "As yet, of course, there are plenty of signs of immatunity." It is a nice word, but we should have been inclined to reserve it for a musical comedy.

***

It is expected that the distribution of the Nobel Prizes will again be suspended this year. This will be a great disappointment to the KAISER, who had counted on getting one for his efforts in the cause of peace.

BALKAN NURSERY RHYMES.

(After TENNYSON'S lullaby in "Sea Dreams.")

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at break of day?"

WHAT does little FERDIE say
In his tent behind the fray?
"I'm afeared," says little FERDIE,
"I shall lose my head some day."
FERDIE, wait a little longer
Till the hate of you grows stronger,
And your nose a little longer—
You shall lose your head some day.

What does little TINO say
In his chamber, Athens way?
"Let me off," says little TINO,
"I don't want to join the fray."
TINO, what of Salonika?
Though his *fides* may be *Græca*,
For the sake of Salonika
TINO too shall join the fray.

What does little MEHMED say
In his harem, far from gay?
"Since you ask me, I was thinking
I should like to run away.
Whether England knocks me silly,
Or I wipe the boots of WILLY,
I shall end by looking silly;
I'm a loser either way." O. S.

THE GRAND FLEET.

(With acknowledgments to the American author of the articles, "With the Grand Fleet," written for "The Times" of London, Eng.)

THE sea!

Salamis looked on it, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR crossed it, LIPTON and DEWEY have sailed it, Brighton is situated on it, JONAH was thrown into it, and I myself have been sick of it on my way to Europe to write articles.

There are different sections of the sea, and it is not to be inferred that this part of it is identical with anything scheduled above. On the contrary, it is another section. But it is the same sea—breezy, wet, briny, with little waves that splash and big waves that do rather more, and undulations that bring the throbbing heart of a journalist nearer to his palpitating mouth. And on this sea—this well-known, time-honoured, immemorial sea—what do I behold? A Fleet!

For some reason, unfathomable as the waters, I am permitted to go round this Fleet. And I will tell you all about it.

As a Dry Goods Store is directed by a Wanamaker, so is this Fleet directed by an Admiral. JELLICOE is his name, but JELLICOE is not his nature.

An American might well expect to find in him some physical resemblance to NELSON'S column in Trafalgar Square, but he would be disappointed. The column would hurt you if it fell on you; JELLICOE is not like that.

The Commander-in-Chief walks the deck of the *Unsinkable*. Like his great predecessor of the *Pinafore*, he carries a telescope under his arm. When he wishes to see anything distant he applies the telescope to his eye—not to a blind eye, as did Lord NELSON, but to a seeing, hearing, watching eye. He paces the deck, and as he paces a tense air of attention seems to spread galvanically amongst his men. They stand alert and upright; they do not slouch; their hands are not in their pockets; their backs are not turned carelessly on their Admiral.

Yet JELLICOE is not a harsh or brutal tyrant; he is a good and kindly man. He is strong and yet gentle; clean-shaven and yet devout; and capable, so they say. His men love him, and his country will learn to appreciate him now that I have told it of his real worth. And always remember that he bears gladly with neutral journalists.

From the contemplation of JELLICOE I pass on to other ships and other men. And here let me tell you that the Captains and Admirals are chiefly remarkable for this, that they are not senile; and that life for them is one ceaseless round of duties. Would you have thought it if I had not told you?

And the ships! Here lie the giant *Hyena* and the massive *Gnu*, with their glossy guns and shining Midshipmen. Young men too, these latter, with not a grey hair amongst them. Here is the *Lady* Squadron—the good *Queen Anne*, the saucy *Bloody Mary*, the *Susie* that does not sew shirts. Here rises the *Insoluble*, hard hit in the Balkan Peninsula. The shell made one hole as it came in and another as it went out, but both apertures are now closed up—such is the wonderful thoroughness of naval organization. Here roll the tiny Destroyers, grey as their own sea, black as their own coal, white as—no, not white as. And, mind you, every ship has its complement of well-trained men—not a German amongst them—and every gun its adjunct of shot and shell!

At moments I felt that I must be on my own North American Fleet, and there came like a flash to me that memorable phrase of one of my countrymen—"Blood is thicker than water."

I see it all, not as in a dream, but in a waking reality—great vessels melting into horizons and looming out of distances; gaunt guns and slumbering torpedoes; winking yard-arms of wireless; decks a-scrub and spars a-shine; canvas that passes in the night. It is all there.

And through the haze, and the sea, and the sun-rise and the sun-set, and all my bag of journalistic tricks—above and below all this, what is the inner meaning of this mighty sea and this storm-tossed Fleet? To me it is clear. Its message—its meaning—is this: that over the bosom of this selfsame sea, and under the guns of this self-same Fleet, a neutral country may render its invoices and ship its goods and haul in its dollars in perfect safety and happiness—yea, even trade its Christmas purchases with Germany!

Some Fleet!

Hounds of War.

Mr. H. A. CRUSO recently had a poem in *The Westminster Gazette* on the subject of the "impatience" of our ships:—

"Greyhounds we
Of the old grey sea,
Straining and tugging our leash to be free.
Hark! hark!
Do you hear us bark?"

He went on to show that these barking (*sic*) greyhounds are very anxious to follow the scent (*sic*) and chase their quarry to its lair (*sic*). We fear that Mr. CRUSO must have been some time on his desert island and missed the Waterloo Cup meetings. Or perhaps there is a difference between Waterloo and Trafalgar greyhounds.

Le Mot Juste.

From a story in *The Christian World*:—

"She fingered her copper tresses gingerly."

"Private —— has had a series of misfortunes. He lost his hat and his money on coming home from France, he missed his train going back (and was delayed until last Tuesday), and now he has just missed losing his life."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

Private —— is understood to be bearing up under the last misfortune with remarkable fortitude.

"According to press reports German troops and artillery are being transferred from Galicia to the Siberian front."

Liverpool Evening Express.

The Russians, we understand, are giving them every facility in the way of railway-trains and escorts.

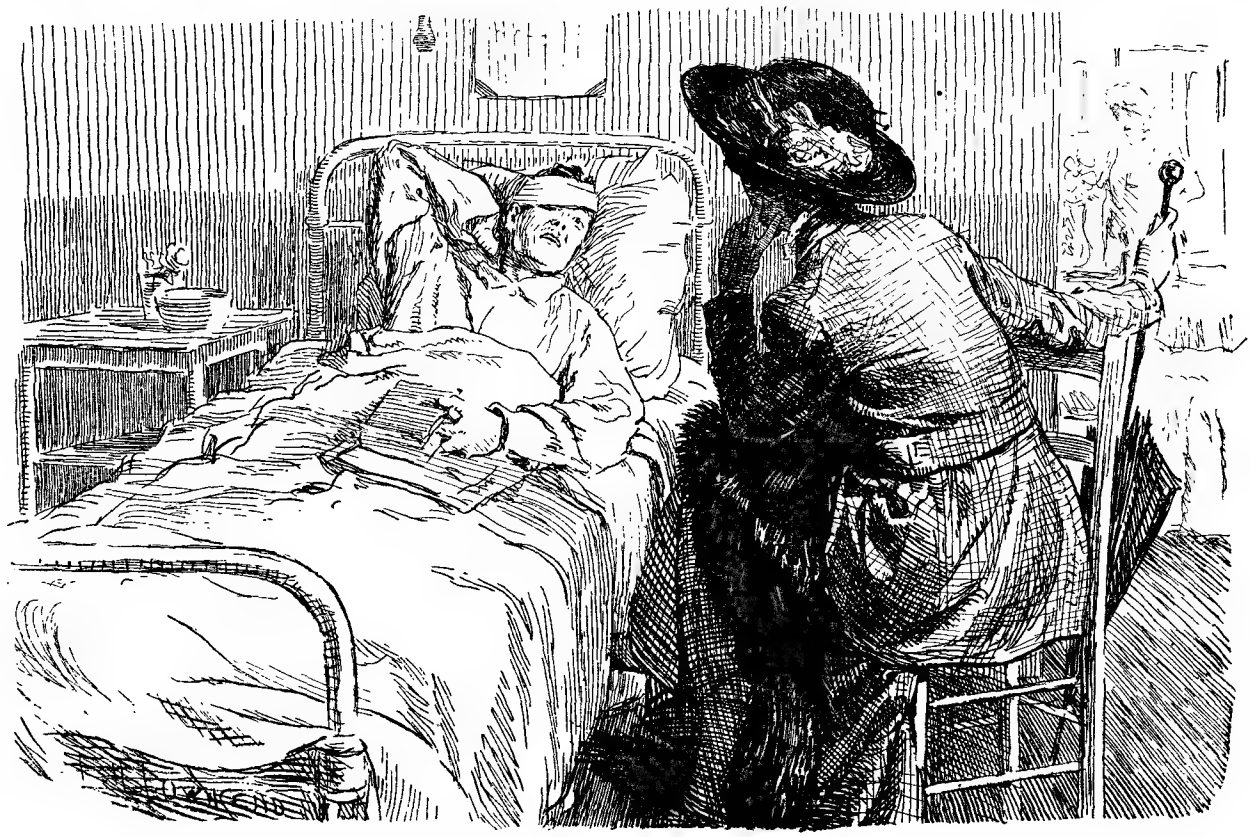
"Desirous of making the whole Chamber acquainted with the military and diplomatic situation in the East the Committee on Eternal Affairs unanimously decided to arrange a preliminary meeting for to-morrow."

Morning Paper.

The Everlasting Eastern Question is now in the right hands.

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY.

John Bull (*very calmly*). "AH, HERE HE COMES AGAIN—MY BEST RECRUITER."



Wounded Soldier. "IT ACHES SOMETHING CRUEL."
Visitor. "HAVE YOU TOLD THE DOCTOR?"
Soldier. "NO. I DON'T TELL HIM MUCH OF HOW I FEELS—IT ONLY DISCOURAGES HIM."

THE CENSOR AMONG THE POETS.

PUBLIC attention was recently drawn to the action of the Government Censor in excising the words "and the kings" from the well-known line of Mr. KIPLING'S "Recessional":—

"The captains and the kings depart."

The alleged reason was that no kings could depart as there were no kings there; but the excision was really made on the ground that the Censor could not admit any reference to the movements of Royalty.

As journalists, however, in spite of the privileges accorded to them, continue to indulge in the miscellaneous citation of English verse, with complete disregard of military consequences, we understand that a large number of instructions are about to be issued by the Simple Simons of the Censorship, for the guidance of those who insist on quoting familiar lines. Thus:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Delete "with thine eyes," as suggesting defective water-supply.

"Come into the garden, Maud."

For "garden" read "basement." *See Official Directions.*

"It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done."

Delete second line as calculated to encourage unfavourable view of English industry. *Old Kaspar* should be represented as working overtime at nearest munition factory.

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light," &c.

Delete phrase about light. Fond memory should not bring a light of any kind at this hour. *See Police Regulations.*

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee."

Cancelled as direct incitement to baby-killers.

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade."

Delete second line as likely to assist enemy in location of important national buildings.

"Mary had a little lamb."

Delete last three words as suggesting shortage of food supply.

"I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I know not where."

Delete second line, which might be taken to indicate inaccuracy of anti-aircraft marksmanship.

Aunty-Aircraft.

A married daughter living "somewhere in London" was asked to wire home if safe after Zeppelin raid. The following telegram was received in reply:—

"Aunt talked so hard we heard neither bombs nor guns."

"The vessel [a Zeppelin] seems to have lost its bearings, for it had apparently been cruising about the Zuider Zee before the fusillade of the centuries brought its commander to realise his position."

He felt then that time was against him.

"The lowest price consols has reached was in 1797, when, owing to the meeting at the Nose, the figure fell to £47¾."
Teesdale Mercury.

The delicacy of feeling which prompts this veiled allusion to the Mutiny at the Nore will be much appreciated in Naval circles.

A GENERAL RISING.

THE telephone began it. I walked, after my custom, briskly into the call-box, raised the receiver and asked for the number—a thing I have done for years. I then extracted from my pocket the two pennies which had been carefully placed there for the purpose and waited.

The girl's voice at last sounded: "Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she said.

You could have knocked me down with anything.

"Put how many?" I asked.

"Three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she replied.

"Why three?" I inquired icily.

"The price has gone up," she said.

"Why?" I asked. "What is dearer?"

"I don't know," she said. "Everything 's gone up."

"But it's a swindle," I declared. "It's——"

"Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she broke in.

"I can't," I said. "I've only brought two."

"Then you can't telephone," she replied. She had the grace to add, "I'm sorry."

"But I'm an old customer," I said. "I'm one of your best customers."

"I can't help it," she replied.

"Mayn't I owe you a penny?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done," she replied.

"All right," I said. "You can tell them that in future all I have to say I shall write on halfpenny postcards. They 've lost a good friend." And I came away.

This bitter experience proved to be a fitting prelude to a disenchanting day.

Going next to my tobacconist for a new half-pound tin of what used once to be harmlessly and playfully called "Plutocrat Mixture," for which I have been in the habit of paying at the rate of sevenpence an ounce, I put down two half-crowns, expecting fourpence change.

"I'm very sorry," said the tobacconist, "but it's gone up. It's tenpence an ounce now."

"Why?" I asked.

"The new taxation," he said.

"I don't believe you got this stock in since the Budget," I said.

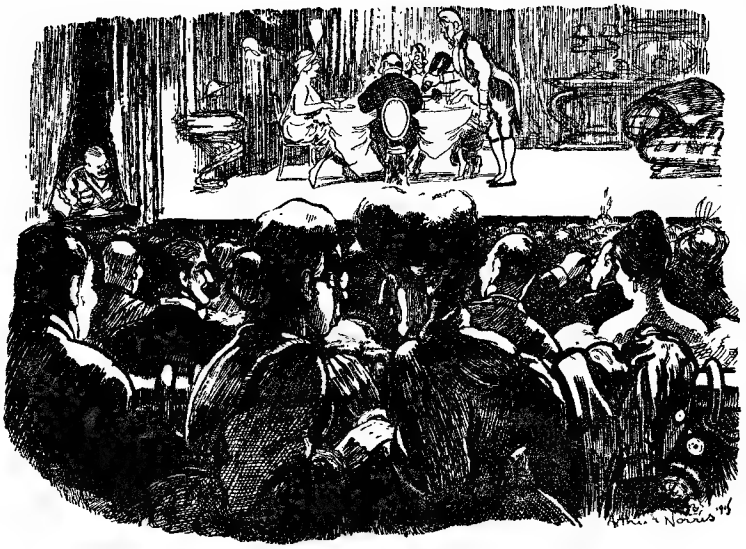
He averted his eyes, and I perceived that I had hit the truth.

"It's old stock," I said, "and you ought to give an old customer the benefit of it. If you haven't paid extra on it why should I?"

He said it was impossible for him, doing the trade he did, to know what was old stock and what was new. All he knew was that the tax on tobacco had gone up and he would shortly be ruined.

I bade him a permanent farewell and in another shop purchased a cheap tobacco which burnt my tongue and is burning it even now as I write.

Then, having a cold, I went to the chemist's for some asperin. For a tiny bottle of tabloids he asked two shillings.



"MY DEAR! CHAMPAGNE IN WAR TIME!"

"Absurd," I said.

"You won't get it cheaper," he said. "It's gone up. It's going up more too."

"I used to get that for tenpence or less," I said as I left the shop. "Two shillings! Pooh."

But I had to pay two shillings before I had done, or go without. That 's the worst of things that one really wants; the shopkeepers always get you in the end. In spiting them you merely cut off your nose.

I then went to be shaved.

"I'm sorry," said the barber, "but we've had to add twopence to the charge. The War, you know."

I said I knew it.

"How?" he asked.

"It's in the air," I said.

"Oh, no, Sir," he replied, "not the 'air. In the lather. Lather 's gone up."

I was now due to fulfil with extreme reluctance an old engagement in the electrocuting—I mean—dentist's chair.

Having taken my seat I asked him if he had heard of the great advance.

He stopped in whatever diabolical task he was performing at his box of tricks and turned round excitedly.

"Has there?" he said. "Where? In France?"

"No," I said, "in price. Everything 's dearer."

He completed his grisly preparations, and then, having got me well into his power, he began to talk. He said that it was an awful bore and he was very sorry, but he and his partner, much against their own wish, had been forced to—ah—slightly augment their fees.

"I suppose forceps are much dearer?" I inquired.

"Well——ah——" he said.

"And hot water," I continued, "I 'm sure that 's risen."

He finished my poor mouth in silence, which, at any rate, was something to be glad about.

Such was by now the state of my nerves that I literally sobbed with joy and relief when, on entering a post-offic and inquiring of the young lady the price of a penny stamp, she replied, "One penny." I felt as if I would never buy anything else. Is the gum, I wonder, nutritious enough to support life?

That evening I sat down and wrote a letter to be sent to the editors of all the papers to which I succeed in contributing articles.

"DEAR SIR (I wrote),—I beg to inform you that in consequence of the War and the rise in the cost of paper, pens and ink, I have been reluctantly forced to increase my price from one penny to one penny farthing a line."

But I did not send it. Literary men have no courage. Also they are not necessaries.

"Two young Ladies (at present Tailoresses) desire change of occupation; would not object to taking gentleman's position."
Eastbourne Gazette.

Another triumph for the sex! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but only two tailoresses to make a gentleman.

"Would a Lady, giving up her school, sell her boarders, Girls, to a first-class Inland School, 20 miles out of London? Liberal terms."—*Morning Paper.*

The Anti-Slavery Society ought to intervene to get these boarders enlarged.

For the Fairest.

ARE YOU A PATRON?

A Note *by* Gisèle

Unique and beautiful things worthy of the fairest women are assembled at Marshall's. Should you wish to give her a golden apple, as did Paris to Venus, you will find a quaint little tree with golden apples on it which costs but 7/6 in the Flower Parlour on the first floor.

Here, too, are flowers of every kind made so skilfully that they can scarcely be distinguished from Nature's children.

The girls who fashion the blooms are known as the Mayfair Flower Makers. They are English, work in Marshall's studio, under ideal conditions, and earn no little fame.

If you are not already a patron, join the distinguished company.

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LIMITED
Vere Street & Oxford Street
London, W.

MY CARD?

Certainly. Name, Dunlop. Business, Tyres.

No, I am not here to book orders, but to give advice.

Am I coming again? Regularly, I hope. This is just a preliminary visit.

And, by the way, before I go, I would like to mention that should you be in a hurry for any information about tyres, you have only to write me to the Advice Bureau at Aston Cross. Don't forget. Good-day.

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IT is quite time that the misleading term "Officers' Regulation Khaki" was stopped. This description is now being used in all parts of London by firms offering uniforms at absurdly low prices, who have never previously produced a military garment. Let the newly commissioned officer thoroughly understand that there is, unfortunately, NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and he is therefore at the mercy of the firm from whom he buys. The prices quoted by Pope and Bradley represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained.

Service Jackets	**from**	**£3 13 6**
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LET them laugh and frolic as of old. Do not impose the deadly seriousness of the times upon *them*; they are children but for a little space—let them reap the pleasure while they may.

And to keep smiling is easy if Phat-Pheet are worn, for they are just sensible foot-coverings, fashioned in Nature's happy, freedom-loving way. No pinch—no cramp.

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Sizes and post free prices.

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Can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

"Milk-shortage" means dearer milk and *costlier cream!*

Fresh dairy cream is *dearest when you* need it most—(It's a vital form of food in the cold weather.)

Milkmaid Cream should go into your bill of fare all the winter—with porridge and other cereals, fresh, bottled or tinned fruit, &c.

Never say just "Cream" again—say "Milkmaid Cream."

In 5d., 6½d., and 10½d. tins, of all Grocers and Stores.

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are worth the price paid because they offer more in practical value than anything else at the money. Durable, soft and warm, non-irritant, chill-preventing, and unshrinkable, "Viyella" garments are made in a variety of artistic patterns and shades (including service greys and khakis) and in light, medium, or heavy weight.

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MEATLESS MAGIC.

[In *Health Without Meat* Mrs. Eustace Miles gives various recipes, in which, amongst other ingredients, appear "emprote" and "embovno."]

How happy the lot of the veg-er,
Who, nursed in the ethics of Smiles,
Has never attended the Leger
And feeds in the manner of Miles;
Rich luncheons that cost half-a-sov. no
Attraction exert on his mind,
But he loves his "emprote" and "embovno"—
So cheap, yet refined.

Disasters are certain to flatten
Beyond any hope of relief
Carnivorous people who batten
On gobbets of mutton and beef;
The downfall of Warsaw and Kovno
Struck many a meat-eater dumb,
But, thanks to "emprote" and "embovno,"
I didn't succumb.

What fruit or what plant they are torn from
No layman can ever divine;
What Milesian soil they are born from
I cannot discover; in fine,
What they make these ingredients of no
Poor doggerel bard can make clear,
'Tis enough that "emprote" and "embovno"
Enrapture the ear.

ZEPPELINS AND OTHER "MUCK."

I recently selected a remote East Anglian village for the purpose of a short holiday and much-needed rest. My one recreation was to discuss with the inhabitants the Great War, of which I found some of them had heard. Indeed, the visit of a Zeppelin had struck terror into the heart of at least one old woman. "Them there Zett'lins," she said—"I almost shruk as I heerd the mucky varmints a-shovellin' on the coals—dare! dare! How my pore heart did beat!"

"But they weren't likely to trouble you?" I suggested, for she lived in the centre of three isolated single-room cottages dedicated to the poor.

But the old lady thought "them Jarmans" might mistake these picturesque little dwellings for the homes of the gentry. So she crept for safety, she said, into her next-door neighbour's bed o' nights, for she dasn't sleep alone. The German frightfulness had struck home here right enough, which would doubtless bring much joy to the Teuton bosom, were it known.

A bomb from the Zeppelin had dropped near the church, which it lit up. An onlooker informed me that it "fared to him like the body of the chach a-floatin' away—that it did and all! It made a clangin'," he added, "like a covey of lorries with their innards broke loose"—not an inapt description to one who had some personal recollections to draw on.

Another inhabitant, with a face as expressionless as the "turmots" he was hoeing, informed me that he had two boys fighting. "One on 'em is in France, wherever that might be," he said, "and Jimmy's in that hare old Dardelles." This, be it noted, is a land of contractions, and the old inhabitant invariably clips out of recognition the names of familiar places.

"When did the elder go out?" I asked. "I can't rightly say," he replied after much cogitation, "but it might be a yare ago come muck-spreadin'." The word "muck," like the article itself, is of universal application in Norfolk, and the local calendar usually starts from that odoriferous season. On condoling once with a young woman, wearily waiting for her defaulting lover, I saw tears in her eyes as she said, "We girls are just so much muck; we have to wait till the men come and cart us away."

A Belgian family had been imported into the locality, though since removed. I inquired if they were liked. "Well enough," was the answer, "but they only spoke that hare Blemish, which in course no one could rightly understand."

Special (to Citizen retired for the night, whom he has called up). "Your ground-floor window's open; and now I must report you for showing too much light."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You are not to assume from this long interval of silence that I have conceived a sudden dislike for you. So long as you continue to purvey cigarettes I shall always love you, and for all that I have bettered myself by moving from a platoon to an army I am still not proud.

I don't know exactly how my change of situation got started, but I know that the affair was conducted through the "usual channels." Have you ever met the "usual channels," my friend? Have you ever tried to correspond from the bottom to the top of the military machine? If you want to experience the sensation, you had better take the first opportunity; there aren't many wars long enough for the purpose.

I incline to think that the fellow who first started my affair, light-heartedly coining the now immortal text, "Lieut. Henry, transfer, proposed for, of," has lived to regret his folly, and that the only reason why I am left where I am is that all concerned eventually got so tired with the process of getting me up from a platoon to an army that none could be induced to take the pains to get me back from the army to another platoon.

Be that as it may, the idea, when first mooted, caught on; it became a vogue. All the people who matter had a dip in it. A.B.C.'s and Assistant A.B.C.'s, X.Y.Z.'s and Deputy X.Y.Z.'s formed the daily habit of bandying my name about amongst them for each other's information, please; for each other's guidance, please; for each other's necessary action, please. No one said, "This correspondence must now cease," and only I was kept out of it, never so much as a picture-postcard coming my way.

Now you may go on increasing correspondence as long as buff slips and indelible pencils hold out, and no one (in war-time) will say you nay. But the time arrives when the clip becomes unequal to the duty for which it is attached. In my case the papers happened to be in the hands of the Adjutant when the clip struck further work. The Adjutant had not the necessary daring or initiative to divide the bundle in two. There seemed to be nothing to do but to lose the lot and risk being lost himself . . . and then, by chance, he caught sight of me, which reminded him that the "Reference" of the minutes and memos was, after all, a "reasonable creature, in existence," capable of bearing its own troubles. And so at last the documents (in a parcel) came to me with a note, "For *your* information, guidance and necessary action." No "please," mark you!

Being then a child in these matters I read the correspondence right through, starting from the top and working down to the bottom. From the chaos only one thing at all definite emerged: this Lieutenant whom all the trouble was about would eventually have to report to someone. The never-to-be-forgotten maxim of the advertisement occurred to me: "DO IT NOW!" But to whom to report? The Adjutant being out of the question, I thought of our regimental Quartermaster, a kindly and intelligent man; I reported to him. He told me that on these occasions there were two alternatives only, the one being to read from the bottom to the top, the other not to read at all. For the future he strongly recommended the latter; in the present instance he was not concerned and didn't propose to be. There's no getting round Quartermasters, so I went along to the nearest rail-head to do some more reporting there. I got in touch with the R.T.O., and, ignoring his air of detachment, I kept in touch with him till lunch-time, stood him a good meal and then took him and forced him into my confidence. In his anxiety to work off some of his own papers on to me he forgot to return the original pile, so I left him without another word, though I should have liked to take him to task for describing me, in my Movement Order, as a "consignment."

It was now clear to me that, having a movement order, it was up to me to move. Judging from the pace of the train *it* had no movement order or, at most, a very slight one. The motto of trains in the zone of the armies is "*J'y suis; j'y reste.*" Passengers have just to sit still and watch themselves being overtaken by battalions on the march, using their own judgment to decide whether the train has stopped and, if so, whether for good or just temporarily for a day or so. For my own part I was prepared to stay where I was for eternity, and had nearly done so when I found myself at the town, necessarily anonymous, at which G.H.Q. resides. Feeling that what is good enough for G.H.Q. is good enough for me, I got out. Fresh from my long period of rest, I began reporting again, starting with a Military Policeman and ending with a General, not one of your generals of everyday life but something out of the way.

G.H.Q. proposed to put me into another train, but I urged that I was a man with a lot of dependants and not much constitution; so they relented and put me on a motor-bicycle instead. They told me where to go to, started the engine, wished me luck, and left it to Providence or the process of attrition to effect the necessary halt. A fortunate skid brought me to a standstill at my proper destination, and, having indicated to an orderly the direction in which the bicycle was proceeding when I last saw it, I brushed the mud off me and looked about. Above all else, a notice-board with *Camp Commandant* printed across it made an irresistible appeal to me.

He fixed me up with a billet and a mess and then took steps to get rid of me. I explained, with submission, that to go now only meant to come back and report again later, so he settled down to the matter and made out a list of further likely victims for my relentless persecution. I asked him to name the likeliest. He put his money on the "G" Office, as being the most recent indentors for nibs, blotting-paper and a new chair and table. So I stepped across to the "G" Office, frowned at the orderlies, smiled at the Sergeant-Major, shook hands with the Lieutenants, saluted all the others, and, before I realised the grim horror of it, found myself at work, where I've stayed ever since, although you might have supposed that this is *war*, not work.

But it isn't all in an office, far away from the smoke and dirt. No, there are two great phrases for which the historian of this war will have a rubber stamp; the one is "to circulate," the other "to function." But there are advantages in having a home to return to of an evening. And it all has something to do with the War, as I'll hope to show you in my next letter or two.

Meanwhile I do wonder what the R.T.O. did about that correspondence. Probably he made a dozen efforts to get it "Passed to you, please," received it back time after time, and eventually in despair set it alight and cast himself into the flames.

Yours ever, HENRY.

Belles Lettres.

"Wanted, well-bound books for library bookshelves; contents immaterial if binding in perfect condition."—*The Lady.*

Trench Uniform.

"I really could not face John when he returned from the front in last winter's narrow skirts obviously widened with unexpected bits put in."—*Morning Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"For sale, 300 good sound sleepers; may be viewed at St. —— Church, Ealing."

Middlesex County Times.

First Recruit. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MAJOR, BILL?"

Second Recruit. "HE 'S A CHANGEABLE KIND O' BLOKE. LAST NIGHT I SAYS TO 'IM, ''OO GOES THERE?' AN' HE SAYS, 'FRIEND!'; AN' TO-DAY 'E 'ARDLY KNOWS ME."

HER GRACE'S HOSPITAL.

WITH that close secrecy which seems inseparable from all things military, it was not until nearly the end of an all-day train journey that our destination was divulged to us. It was the Duchess of Blankshire's Hospital, ——. Well, that was fitting at least, and I tried to forget my wounds in framing a suitable greeting to her Grace when she met me on the platform. "Ah, Duchess," I would say, "but how kind of you to come down." Beyond that I could make no progress. I decided to leave the rest to the inspiration of the moment. The last hour was an Irish mile, and by the time I reached —— my strength, temper, patience and courtesy were utterly exhausted. I was carried out and into the ambulance. All sense of decency was then thoroughly shaken out of me, and I was brought to the door of the Hospital thirsting for someone's blood. And the Duchess hadn't come to the station. She must have been misinformed about the train. I prepared to talk down her apologies. "Not at all, my dear Duchess; how *could* you tell?" etc.

Taken out of the ambulance I was carried to the ducal entrance-hall. Here I came in contact with the System (with a capital S) which dominates the place. A huge ledger, a lady clerk, an assistant lady clerk, an imposing young officer directed their united efforts on me. But where was my hostess? I specially wanted to work in that casual "My dear Duchess." I had practised it so well that it would sound as if I used the title every day.

"Name?" said the I.Y.O.

I told him.

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Regiment?"

"Sixth Blankshires."

"Ah, Territorials," he said, as if a wounded Territorial was not *quite* the same as a wounded soldier.

"Well, I have T. on my tunic, haven't I?" I snapped.

"Yes, yes," he said hastily and confused. "Age?"

"Still twenty-eight. I'll let you know the minute I have a birthday."

"Where are you wounded?"

"Head, back, thigh, calf, foot."

I was taking no risks of clumsy handling from orderlies.

"Date?"

"September 5th."

"Tetanus injection?"

"Yes."

"Date?"

"September 4th."

He looked puzzled. I knew that would beat him. He didn't know I'd been wounded on different days.

"The day before the wound?"

"Yes. You see I heard it coming. Long range shrapnel, you know."

Then they carried me to my ward and there came to meet me quite the youngest thing in nurses you could imagine. She looked about sixteen, but I suppose she was more as they don't let them loose so early. She had pencil on lip, paper in hand, and withal a serious and inquiring look on her round face.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" she asked, as if expecting me to say I had fallen off a lorry or tried conclusions with a taxi. I looked at her solemnly as I explained: "I've got wounded in this War that's going on—against Germany, you know." It was perhaps too bad. She was covered with confusion.

The large ward was glittering white. Graceful girls moved about and looked

"I SUPPOSE THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S AWF'LY AFRAID OF BEING RUN OVER. D'YOU SEE, MUMMY? HE'S GOT HIS KERBS WHITENED."

quite busy. Then one in blue-and-white came to me and smiled. She asked about my wounds. Nothing could have been more soothing than her eyes—blue and clear. I sank in them for a bit and then she melted away into dreamland . . .

"You see it was this way, Duchess," I was saying over a cigar as we sat together on the verandah after dinner. . . "Time to get washed," said a fierce voice in my slumbers. . .

Yes, it was full of system. It took me two hours and five different applications to get some soap and water outside the routine. But I got it. It was a triumph. Then the curtains. They must all be pulled to one particular side. I got mine put in the middle for the sake of my eyes. All day long I recited to each successive rectifier of the curtain how the light hurt my eyes. Of course I was asleep sometimes and they got it put right. Then it appeared that one's nose must be in line with the centre fold of the bed mat. I was glad I had a straight nose.

On the following afternoon, when I was feeling a little exhausted after many curtain, pillow and blanket disagreements, there came a lady with a friendly greeting. I didn't see what her job was, so I said sternly and suspiciously, "Have you been here before?"

"Oh, yes," she said cheerfully, "I 'm often here."

"But have you come to see me before?"

"Yes, I have," she answered.

Then I saw her eyes. Splosh! I was in again right over the ears.

"Yes, I remember you now," I said dreamily; "you were dressed in blue. It suits you better. Won't you always come in blue?"

"Well, I 'll think about it," she laughed. "How are things going?"

"Oh, not badly at all, but of course in some minor matters I could tell the Duchess how to improve things."

"Tell me," she smiled.

"Well, she didn't come to meet me yesterday, and wasn't even in the hall. Of course it may have been the War Office that was to blame. They do say KITCHENER is very busy these days."

"That was too bad; but hasn't she been to see you since?"

"No," I said gloomily.

"Well, next time you 're wounded she 'll make a point of going to the station, I 'm sure. Now, what else?"

"Well, these plates are made so that they spin round and round on the tray, making it difficult, if not impossible, to eat with one hand. You see, you can't corner the stuff with your fork." And I told her many things of equal importance.

"All right. I must fly now, but I 'll not forget anything you 've said."

* * * * *

"Nurse, who was that?" I said when she had gone.

"Oh, that 's the Duchess of Blankshire," answered the daughter of ——, K.C.

I turned over and groaned. And I hadn't managed to work in "My dear Duchess" at all. Still, it 's not everybody who has told her Grace of Blankshire, on an acquaintanceship of a few moments, that she looks best in blue.

"Young Lady Wanted immediately, to take child of 3 to walk from 9.30 to eleven and from two to five."—*Morning Paper.*

She must be in good condition, too, or the infant will over-walk her.

HEROIC SERBIA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 19th.—Of a hundred and twenty-one Questions on the Paper twenty-five addressed to PRIME MINISTER. Covered various controversial points. Put down chiefly by his nominal supporters, the Providences that sit below Gangway and look after the higher welfare of the poor P.M. Seemed to promise lively interlude. PREMIER would either snub his esteemed but inquisitive followers, or he would make statements on a succession of important problems.

The unexpected happened, as it not infrequently does in House of Commons. Of all men HENRY HERBERT is on the sick list, he who as Premier beats the record in length of time for not having been absent a single day from work owing to illness.

HANDEL BOOTH disconsolate. Ground out mournful note of inquiry as to how long PREMIER likely to be absent and whether meanwhile MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, man of leisure upon whose hands time hangs heavily, might not undertake to gratify patriotic curiosity of Members below Gangway by replying to miscellaneous inquiries.

SPEAKER did not know how long LEADER OF HOUSE likely to be away. Could only hope "the time would be very short."

General cheer expressed concurrence with this desire. Bad time just now for the captain to be off the bridge.

CARSON another absentee at Question time. When Colonel Sir F. E. SMITH, having doffed his khaki, presented himself to reply for ATTORNEY-GENERAL he was greeted by hilarious cheer. Being inarticulate its precise meaning was left undefined. Understood to be "Ha! Ha! We know all about what has happened in the Cabinet during the last ten days, and why CARSON, most amiable, unassertive of men, could stick it no longer."

Questions disposed of, House got into Committee on Budget Bill. As usual, real business thus entered upon served as signal for emptying of House. Amid bustle of departure HERR GINNELL came to front with motion to exclude Ireland from imposition of Tea Duty. Genially announced intention to move analogous amendment in respect of subsequent clauses imposing for War purposes new taxes or increase of duty.

Summed up situation in Ireland in pregnant sentence. Most of the money raised by these taxes imposed upon Ireland was, he said, spent in England on production of munitions of war. *Argal*, in absence of employment thus brought about, young Irishmen were compelled to enlist and fight for young Englishmen who stayed at home and worked in the munition factories.

Facts not precisely accurate; in respect of rules of logic argument faulty. But Committee felt that HERR GINNELL had more nearly hit nail on head than

"Where on earth is CARSON?"
Sir F. E. SMITH.

is his habit when he, not infrequently, takes hammer in hand.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. Procedure marked by incident, long unfamiliar, of divisions. No fewer than three taken, minority numbering in succession 20, 26 and 36.

Wednesday.—In accordance with immemorial custom a Cabinet Minister, having resigned his connection with

"Here I am!"
Sir EDWARD CARSON.

the Government and being desirous of explaining his motive, seats himself at Gangway-end of Bench immediately behind that where his former colleagues sit. Thence, thirty-five years ago, W. E. FORSTER rose, driven out of office by the untiring animosity of the Parnellites. Later in the same year JOHN BRIGHT resigned the important office now held by the ARTISTIC WINSTON, and from this corner seat explained inability to agree with his colleagues in that British intervention in Egyptian affairs which has proved an untold blessing to a tyrant-ridden impoverished race.

EDWARD CARSON, having resigned Attorney-Generalship and withdrawn from Cabinet, made to-day unique record. Returning to old quarters on Front Opposition Bench, he thence, like *Truthful James*, "rose to explain."

A ready, practised speaker, he on this solemn occasion did not trust himself to make a speech. He read a paper. Essay composed in excellent taste. Not a word of argument or criticism, much less of recrimination. Paid personal tribute to unvarying courtesy of PRIME MINISTER. Would not suggest that his views about difficulties arising in Eastern theatre of war might possibly be compared with those of men who have much more experience and greater wisdom in dealing with such situations. At same time they were "very strongly held, conscientiously and patriotically."

In such circumstances he thought his continuance in office would be rather a source of weakness than of strength. Therefore he had withdrawn.

Outburst of applause that greeted his rising was confined to political friends on Opposition Benches. On resuming his seat a general cheer paid tribute to the excellent tone and temper of his remarks.

Business done.—Sat up in Committee on Budget Bill till a quarter past one in the morning. The stage still unfinished.

Thursday.—Fresh hue-and-cry after the anonymous but immortal Censor who has been severely sub-editing KIPLING and BROWNING. House particularly anxious to know whether it be possible that this century has produced two such geniuses. Did one deal with KIPLING, whilst the other tackled BROWNING? Or was one mighty mind equal to both triumphs? The HOME SECRETARY, alike cautious and agile, would not commit himself on this point. Really couldn't say; believed there might be two of them.

Business done.—Postal and Telegraph Rates Bill went through Committee, was reported and read a third time.

Patient. "I GET LUMBAGO AWFULLY BADLY, DOCTOR. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO ANYTHING FOR ME?"
Doctor. "WELL, I OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT IT. I'VE BEEN A MARTYR TO IT ALL MY LIFE."

AT THE FRONT.

IF you should happen to get into one of these wars and someone tells you to take over a farm, don't you have it without a character. You've got no idea how farms vary.

There is the Never-been-crumped kind, and the Not-been-crumped-for-months kind, and the May-be-crumpeds, and Will-probably-be-crumpeds, and the Sure-to-be-crumpeds. If on inquiry you find that the farm they are trying to cajole you into belongs to either of the last two classes, you will do well to send on an advance party with a ton of gun-cotton and then report farm non-existent on arrival; or to apply for a transfer to the Voluntary Munition-Workers' Guild.

On the other hand you may enjoy in the healthier types an epoch of sylvan peace. Dead Spy Farm is in the second class. Except that we have to supply working parties of one hundred-and-fifty nightly—which is a difficult sort of trick to bring off with a garrison of one hundred-and-three—we are left undisturbed to the contemplation of autumn tints.

Whoever the deceased spy was, he had some taste in farms. His moat is an object lesson in how much duckweed you can get in without crowding out all the water. Round the moat runs an avenue of trees in "Fall suitings" that recall the glories of Addison's Walk. The buildings themselves are portly, circumstantial and four-square, as all good farms are. There is a garden—not all it used to be—a well, and three cats, sole representatives of the late tenant. The mushrooming and ratting are satisfactory, and recent bags include a moorhen and a foreign-looking cat suspected of espionage. The whole intact, except for three shell holes and portions of window glass.

Talking about working parties, there is a report that our battalion is to be sent to some other country where there is still good digging to be had. Hereabouts digging resembles the ploughing of some immemorial field; one rather wonders whether there is anything about the original trenches in Doomsday Book or Magna Charta.

Take F. 107. We first knew F. 107 as an unrevetted communication trench with a sandbag floor. A brigade fatigue traversed and footboarded it and called it "King's Road." An R.E. party d.opped in one night with firing-steps, and altered the name to "King's Castle." Three days later it rained for ten minutes and the sides fell in, and it was known as "The Marsh" and officially disused, until one day a very high sort of officer came round the lines and said all disused trenches in the system must be reclaimed.

This order was not popular, as it would have entailed the prolonging of the War to about 1977. However, we began on "The Marsh" and laboured bitterly sixteen nights with hurdles and sandbags, and piles for the footboards, and called it "Half-done Terrace," to immortalise a sound beginning. The immortalisation lasted a fortnight, when a new official programme of the trenches fixed it until further notice as F. 107. Now we are fitting it with model dug-outs. Of course the trench is not occupied, but it may be some day, and in the meantime it is bad for the troops to be idle.

This affair of picks and shovels has interested us as proving that the Angels who retreated from Mons are not the only incident in the War that defies normal explanation. It happened that on a certain Tuesday there came a

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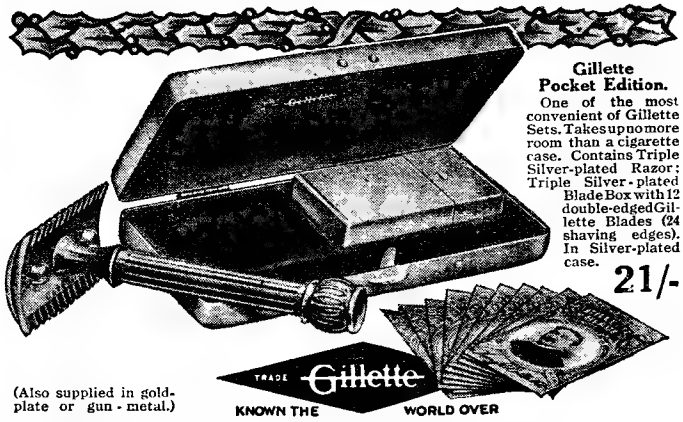

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HORRORS OF WAR.

Corporal (before entering the trenches). "NOW, LOOK 'ERE. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SECTION, AND IF ANY OF YER GETS IT IN THE NECK THROUGH FOOLISHLY EXPOSIN' OF 'ISSELF—I'LL GIVE HIM WOT FOR."

wire to the Company requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on the Company charge. We reported. Later, on the same day, came a second wire requesting a report of all tools on Company charge. We re-reported. On Wednesday morning arrived a wire explaining that Reference No. 19 of Tuesday report was not required after all. We were very relieved to hear this. On Wednesday afternoon we received a message requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on Company charge. This time we were roused and had the message repeated. They very kindly repeated it. We re-re-reported. At 7 P.M. we received a wire cancelling demand for report on tools. The Company Commander did not go sick, however, until Thursday morning, when a wire arrived: "Reference No. 7 of Wednesday: why have you not reported?"

Super-Patriots.

"A season of French plays was opened at the Court Theatre last night in the presence of an Anglo-English audience."—*Morning Paper.*

SIC TRANSIT.

"'TIS Greece, but living Greece no more."

So sang her Poet, loving well
That Hellas of the days of yore,
By whom the Persian despot fell,
Whose puissant sword at Marathon
Of its own prowess Freedom won.

He sang; she woke—too fall'n in pride
To strive unaided—still she woke;
And England, Russia, France, allied,
Brake from her neck the Turkish yoke:
At Navarino's glorious Bay
On Hellas dawned a second Day.

Lo, a new curse—the Teuton bane!
Again rings out the trumpet-call;
France, Russia, England, joined again,
For Freedom fight, for Greece, for all;
And Greece—shall she that call ignore?
Then is she living Greece no more!

Commercial Modesty.

"—— Steak and Kidney Pies. Our bread is generally good also."
Advt. in "Cape Times."

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Palace Theatre of Varieties, Miss —— —— had to complete her last song in darkness, and two other items on the programme had to be deleted. No one was hurt."
Manchester Guardian.

"NIGHT CLUBS.
BILL INTRODUCED BY THE HOME SECRETARY."
Star.

We certainly think that one of Bill's less exalted pals would have sufficiently served the purpose.

From an auction advertisement:—

"Grand piano in rosewood case, fine 'cello by Filius Antonii Fasiebat."—*Surrey Comet.*

"What may I say, gentlemen, for this fine instrument by the celebrated maker, Alonehedidit?"

Cherchez la Femme.

"A subaltern on active service, who was stated in the Divorce Court yesterday to have joined the forces when the war broke out on his wife's suggestion . . ."—*Morning Paper.*

And all this time we have been blaming the KAISER.

AT THE PLAY.

"IRIS INTERVENES."

WITHOUT wishing to boast, I may say that I have never lived in a house with a hedge only three-and-a-half feet high to screen me from my neighbour's garden. Perhaps that is why I have never been on really intimate terms (such as would be encouraged by this lack of privacy) with any Russian lady who has done time for knifing her husband and retreated to a British suburb to give her reputation a rest. I am not therefore in a position to say whether *Iris Olga Iranovna*, as depicted by Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER, was true to type. But if one who is no judge of these exotics may hazard an opinion she seemed to me to have her farcical moments. And I could well understand how her tempestuous intrusion into the next-door household, which contained, among other strange things, a morbidly impressionable youth, would convulse *Mr. Henry Cumbers*, a thorough-paced *épicier*, with a fixed "standard" of morality and a particular horror of necks exposed to the eye of day.

And indeed she was a bird of so rare a plumage that she might easily have astonished a man of riper experience and more open mind. For in addition to a ravishing beauty, to whose seductive and troublous quality she was never tired of alluding, she claimed a record of unsullied virtue; and, if you questioned it, she was on you like a tigress. *Cumbers*, for one, threw doubt upon her past, and the play is the story of his punishment. After her first fury, she was content to stimulate the infatuation of the weedy stripling, his son; but this was too easy fruit, and she turned to a more difficult and noble revenge. A certain precious document containing the design of a new motor car had been lodged, for reasons that carried no sort of conviction, in the keeping of *Cumbers*. On its safety depended his career and the fulfilment of an ambition which embraced a residence in Kensington—no less. Over the dividing hedge, to whose inadequacy I have referred, she was witness of the theft of these papers and set herself to recover them. The breakdown of her pursuing car entailed a night in the sole society of *Cumbers* on the open Dover Road. Out of this enforced intimacy a mutual understanding was born. "You never get to know one another," said *Iris*, in one of her rare lapses into probability, "till something ridiculous happens." Her tears of genuine distress (it was *Cumbers'* one human weakness that he could not stand a woman's tears) moved him to sympathy. They exchanged confidences. From him she learned that, however narrow a man's prejudices, if he can inspire trust in his fellows he has achieved something. And she knew that she had never inspired trust in the men that had come under her spell. By her, in turn, he was taught that the devotion of his wife deserved a better reward than the proprietary tyranny with which he repaid it.

And so all ended well. The document was recovered; *Cumbers*, his night-out explained, returned to a chastened appreciation of his wife's merits; and *Iris* married a fellow-countryman, who, if he knew her too well to put a very perfect trust in her, had biceps enough to control her explosions at need.

Henry Cumbers (Mr. A. E. GEORGE) to *Iris* (Miss LENA ASHWELL). "Come, come, don't cry. Things might be worse. We're well on into the Third Act, and haven't had any Zeppelins so far."

Miss LENA ASHWELL played *Iris* with a most contagious vivacity, and carried off the preposterousness of everything with a delightful assurance. Mr. A. E. GEORGE, in the part of *Cumbers*, was too bearish at first in the family circle; but his human qualities came out in the end. Miss MAY WHITTY as his wife was human all the time. Sound work was done by Mr. HENRY DEAS, whose utterances were stuffed with American slang to the point of congestion; by Miss AURIOL LEE, whose appearance, much too fleeting, gave distinction to the part of a suburban lady a little above her environment; and by Mr. OWEN ROUGHWOOD, *Iris's* betrothed, who was a model of restrained and confident muscularity.

Mr. TURNER has a promising gift of humour, but now and then a pretentious epigram showed that he had not escaped the snare of young authors. One of these days he may give us a good character play, or a good farce or a good melodrama. Even this medley of all three had many attractions.

It is most regrettable that his first production should have collided with the Zeppelin season. It was no fault of his or of the players that the audience was so small. For myself, I took comfort in the thought that the moon was nearing her full circle; that Artemis, in fact, as well as her sister Olympian, Iris, was "intervening." O. S.

"THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER."

Lady Camber's case, though it very nearly came to the Old Bailey, in actual fact got no farther than the nursing home run by *Harley Napier, F.R.C.S.*, in Brook Street, for titled people who had lost weight (which made me wonder where his surgical qualifications came in; had his patients needed their weight reducing I should, of course, have understood at once).

Now this *Napier* was a strenuous fellow; he had a "life-work." In addition to the fattening of the leaner aristocracy by his novel (surgical?) methods, he had contrived to solve a problem which has engaged the attention of ambitious experts all down the ages. He had discovered *halene*, a poison without taste, colour, odour or reaction. Apparently all he did with it was to give it the place of honour in his poison cupboard for Mr. VACHELL to hang his tale on. A friendly fellow too. I have invariably found medical men strangely reticent about the technique of their craft, which cannot always have been due to ignorance. But *Napier* was always delighted to postpone any important weight-producing operation or to leave a patient like *Lady Camber* in the article of death to the attentions of the obviously inadequate *Sir Bedford Slufter, F.R.C.P.*, in order to explain the precise properties of his entirely irrelevant invention *halene*, or to prophesy with regard to his patients exactly and in highly technical terms what would happen if all went well. When it didn't, with superb resource he would hand his case to *Slufter*, who would promptly lose it.

All of which would not have been noteworthy if it had not been for *Nurse Yorke*, who loved our too preoccupied *Napier* besides helping him to manufacture *halene* and mismanage his cases; and *Lord Camber*, a handsome and capricious villain who had once sug-

THE USES OF A ZEPPELIN.

Social barriers broken down.

gested to *Esther Yorke* a liaison as the price of some service he had done her. Why, after having the nerve to ask this young lady of birth, breeding and beauty to be his mistress, he should thereafter have been so unworldlywise as to make an impossible dancer his wife no sort of adequate suggestion is offered; nor why, even after his welcome release from *Lady Camber* at the hands of *Slufter*, *Napier* and *Nurse Yorke*, he so decidedly refuses ever to consider the question of marrying that entirely attractive young lady, but merely repeats his insulting suggestion. A complex character, our *Camber*. *Napier* is also complex. Not till he suspects *Esther Yorke* of murder (this is where *halene* comes in; she keeps the key of the poison cupboard) does he begin to love her. The proof forthcoming that *Lady Camber's* death is due to entirely natural and professional causes, *Esther* and *Napier* are united and *halene* goes back to the shelf.

The play was admirably cast. You could well believe Mr. H. B. Irving was a distinguished surgeon and poison manufacturer; he is artist enough to play no pranks with his challenging personality, and his reward is the smooth and balanced performance of the whole piece, without purple patches. Mr. Holman Clark, as *Sir Bedford*, adroitly suggested that he could lose a patient with a better grace than his friend. Mr. Ben Webster, as *Lord Camber*, performed the always clever feat of making a strictly unreasonable part appear plausible. A conscientious and finished piece of playing. Miss Jessie Winter's *Esther Yorke* was well studied and charmingly accomplished. Miss Leslie Stuart made a difficult *Lady Camber* possible and likeable. Clever Miss Pollie Emery's *Peach*, the dresser, was a treasure of broad (but not unsubtle) characterisation. If Miss Kate Bishop wasn't at her clever best I think that was Mr. Vachell's fault, who had dealt hardly with the part. But on the whole authors and players make an excellent case. T.

A VERY SOFT ANSWER.

Dr. Napier (Mr. H. B. Irving). "You've helped to kill the patient, not to mention my reputation; you've failed me; you're a rotten bad nurse. What have you to say for yourself?"

Esther Yorke (Miss Jessie Winter). "I think you're simply splendid."

The Gods and some Mortals.

"The German authorities have resumed traffic to Sassnitz, but instead of the two valuable steam ferries withdrawn on the 4th inst., two old steamers have been hired for gods and the other for passengers."
Shetland News.

A very proper distinction.

"Every class of we Britishers have our peculiarities in forms of speech."
Grimsby Daily Telegraph.

And this is a very good example.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXIX.

(*From the King of the* HELLENES.)

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I think you are pressing me a little too hard. You must remember what my situation is. The mass of my people have no love whatever for your people or for the Austrians. That may strike you as being both strange and deplorable, for I know what your opinion is of the mild virtues and superlative attractiveness of the Germans, and how firmly you believe that all these virtues and all this attractiveness, with ten thousand other glorious and lovable qualities, are concentrated and embodied in yourself. I have often noticed how angry it makes you to be told that somebody doesn't like you, and your sister SOPHIE has often warned me that in your presence I must pretend to believe that you are universally beloved, not merely on account of your splendour and power and wealth, but rather and chiefly because of your own innate goodness and geniality and benevolence. "If they won't like me," I have heard you say, "I shall certainly smash them; and if they keep on not liking me I shall only smash them more and more." That is one way, certainly, of ensuring your popularity, though I am not convinced that it is always a very efficacious way. You tried it in Belgium, and the only result, so far as I have been able to judge, has been to make the Belgians detest you with a hatred which it will take years to mitigate and centuries to abolish. And, even when centuries shall have passed, I can imagine how some Belgian of the future will point out to a stranger the ruins and the graveyards which are the country's monuments and will explain to him how they were caused by an Emperor who had a passion for popularity and chose this method of gratifying it.

Remember when I speak in this way I am not expressing my own personal opinions so much as those of any detached and impartial observer, and it is with him that you must be angry rather than with me. For my own part, since I married into your family I have tried to live a quiet life by schooling myself to think of you as you think of yourself. I cannot say it was an easy task, for, to tell you the truth, you are, like *caviare*, something of an acquired taste, and the palate must be educated to relish you. Whether I have arrived at that perfect and enthusiastic liking which you seem to demand I cannot say, but I know I have done my best, and some gratitude is due to me.

But at present, as I say, you are pressing me a little too hard. VENIZELOS—forgive me for mentioning his name—was supported by a majority in the country and in the Chamber. He was determined to act the part of an honourable man and to regard also the honour and the interest of his country by carrying out the provisions of our treaty with Serbia. I intervened and dismissed him from his post as Prime Minister, and appointed in his place a man who would be willing to stand by with folded arms while Serbia, the heroic but unfortunate, was crushed to the earth by yourself and the false brigand of Bulgaria whom you had suborned for your purpose. All this I have done against the will of my people, not knowing from day to day how long I might be able to hold them in hand, since they are a gallant people and have a clear sense of justice. Therefore you must not press me to go any further, for a throne in these days is an unsteady structure for those who would attempt to secure themselves in it by imitating the autocratic methods of a German Kaiser and War Lord. Be satisfied with the allies you have—with FERDINAND the fox of the Balkans, and with Turkey the ruthless assassin of the Armenian nation.

Your affectionate Brother-in-law, TINO.

THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

THE HAZARDS OF HOME.

THEY said, "You will not mind the Zeppelin
Who know so well the sound of iron shards;
You will not blench when breakages begin
Who stood to battle with the SULTAN'S Guards."

But they were wrong. And when the guns went off,
And undeterred the sausages came on,
While gay civilians bustled out to scoff
And happy crowds occurred in Kensington,

I said, "For these intrepid citizens
It 's well enough to carry on like this;
They view through habit's minimising lens
The menaced doom of their Metropolis;

"But to an officer who only knows
The milder dangers of the Dardanelles,
It is too evident that foes are foes,
And these old bombs much worse than many shells.

"Shells are so sensible, for from afar,
Shrill sibilants, they make their onset plain;
You hop into a hole, and there you are
(And there, indeed, you probably remain);

"While here, it seems, with mute ungoverned sweeps
Rude bolts in 'buses bruise you unaware,
Or, at the least, unpulverised one creeps
Home to his house—to find it is not there.

"I liked the Turk's humane terrestrial bomb,
Which decent cricketers would catch with ease,
And hurtle it back with cover-point's aplomb;
I should not like to try it on with these.

"I am no coward; but the days are done
When English soldiers perished in a square;
And here I cannot even hurt the Hun;
I think I should be happier elsewhere.

"And when it 's whispered that the gasbag brings
To many a mild unmilitary clod
A sudden zeal to join the strife of Kings—
The news is nice, but it is scarcely odd.

"Blessed, indeed, I deem the soldier's lot
In happier hazards far across the foam;
I doff my hat to those who seize it not,
The staunch dare-devil souls who stay at home."

The New "Treating" Order.

You must always "take the meal with the malt."

"'FIND THE WOMAN,' followed by 'A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS,' in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier will appear."
Manchester Evening News.

And very nice he will look in them, we feel sure.

"The King of Bulgaria recently received a Green gentleman named Themistoklis, who handed his Majesty an autograph letter from King Constantine."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

We understand that this is not the first interview of the kind that FERDINAND has given in the course of his negotiations with the Powers.

Immediate result of the meeting held in London to advocate reprisals upon helpless German women:—

"Our artillery in the same region dispersed the enemies' working parties."—*Evening News.*

AFTER THE DRIVE.

Tommy (used to targets, acting as loader to unsuccessful officer). "Excuse me, Sir, but how do you know when you've made an 'it?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Already Christmas is not far below the horizon, and those of us who have the good fortune to be uncles will shortly be reminded of the great problem of presents. It is safe to suppose that the pictorial wrapper that covers *The Book of the Thin Red Line* (Longmans) will attract many eyes. The volume within it could hardly be bettered as a present for a British boy. In his pleasant preface Sir Henry Newbolt explains that, although the stories of six great soldiers which comprise the book are historically true, he has "tried to tell them as adventures." No one certainly need be afraid of dulness in these heart-stirring records, which range from the exploits of Robert Blakeney, gazetted ensign to the 28th when he was fifteen, to those of Stonewall Jackson, concerning whom the chaplain's prayer at the unveiling of his monument ended with the tribute quoted here: "When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fail, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson." Briefly, this is a book of real heroes, written in precisely the way to appeal to the hero-worshippers for whom it is intended. Not the least of its charms for lads young and old will be the spirited illustrations in colour and line by Mr. Stanley L. Wood. There is one picture especially, of the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, so full of the spirit of battle that I shall be astonished if countless schoolrooms do not award it the thumb-mark of highest popularity. A most timely book.

I suppose there can be few men more fitly placed for the composition of a volume of entertaining gossip than Mr. Leslie Ward. Therefore it is only natural that his book, *Forty Years of "Spy"* (Chatto and Windus) is as pleasant a collection of cheery and amusing memories as any that this reminiscent age has provided. For forty years Mr. Ward has been the observant chiel' in English society, taking notes of its prominent members—a chiel' not only observant but witty, as the stories in the present book go to prove. It is a work of which criticism is quite impossible. One can but mention that it contains reproductions of dozens of Mr. Ward's most famous drawings, with in many cases some apt and illuminating anecdote about the subjects—victims, the author usually calls them. As an instance of his own sly turn of humour, I liked especially the comment that accompanies a singularly pleasant sketch of Miss Christabel Pankhurst: "I did not discuss the subject in which she was so absorbed lest by adverse criticism I might disturb the charm of expression I found in her face." There surely speaks the perfect gentle caricaturist. Elsewhere we find a wonderful store of recollections about every kind of celebrity—human, I was going to say, and divine; certainly the Church is remarkably well represented, Bishops in their shovel hats being (in the words of W. S. Gilbert, concerning whom, by the way, there is that rarest thing now, a quite new story) plentiful as tabby cats. Clubs, colleges, and governments are equally reviewed, not to mention distinguished foreigners and dramatists (there is a delightful tale of Charles Brookfield trying to persuade the editor of *The Lancet* to publish a Christmas number)—in short, every phase of social life has yielded material for this most witty and welcome *espionage*.

As, being an American, he would no doubt have put it himself, you have got to hand it to *Major Sidney Vandyke*. He certainly hit on one of the most ingenious dodges for getting rid of a rival in love, and at the same time putting himself ace-high (as he would also have expressed it) with the loved one, that I have ever encountered in fiction. There was trouble between the United States and Mexico. American guns were at El Paso, Texas, their muzzles pointing across the Rio Grande, ready for trouble if it should come. The situation was tense and a single injudicious act would precipitate war. In command of these guns was *Major Vandyke;* under him his rival, *Captain Eagleston March*. The Major sent the Captain an order to fire the guns. No sooner was it done than he appeared, raging; denied having ever given the order, and made a spectacular dash across the river to soothe the Mexicans by explaining that it was all a mistake. *Major Vandyke* was thus a hero who had averted war. *Captain March* was either a knave or a fool who had nearly caused it. He was dismissed the Service, and *Lady Diana O'Malley* married the Major. That is the kernel of *Secret History* (METHUEN), the new novel by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, which starts with imitation war in Mexico and ends with real war in Belgium, where *Captain March*, as *Monsieur Mars* the airman, retrieves his reputation. Told racily in the first person by *Lady Peggy O'Malley*, the very lovable half-sister of the beautiful but shallow *Diana*, it moves with the dash and speed that one expects in a WILLIAMSON story. It is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of the long list of their collaborations. It differs from most of the others in having no motor-car interest. There was just one critical point at which I could see the authors wavering, when *Peggy's* party started off for a motor trip to California. It must have required resolution on their part to keep themselves from abandoning the plot in favour of a description of the tour, but they resisted it. The trip takes place off the stage, and the story moves on without it.

Instructor (to novice practising the call to dinner). "YOU'VE GOT THE NOTES ALL RIGHT, AND YOUR TIME ISN'T BAD; BUT YOU DON'T PUT THE RIGHT *FEELING* INTO IT. THERE'S NO NEED TO SUGGEST COMPULSION."

It was bound to happen. I knew that with so many of our male novelists producing vast volumes about the life, the whole life, and nothing but the life of their heroes, we should not have to wait much longer for a companion feminine picture. Well, now Miss NETTA SYRETT has done it, or perhaps I should more correctly say begun it, since on the last page of *The Victorians* (FISHER UNWIN) she hints darkly that "the story of *Rose Cottingham* is to be continued in the near future." So far as the present volume takes us, we get *Rose* through infancy and schooldays—more than two hundred pages about them—to the period of her first proposal and the publication of her first book. It is all rather well done, with observation and the kind of truth that one cannot help feeling springs from personal experience. Especially is this the case with the picture of Minerva House and its dominating mistress, the "awe-inspiring little woman" whose "efforts had revolutionized the whole system of education for girls." There seems a recognizable portrait here. Good too is the queer home of *Helen*, the friend with whom *Rose* goes to stay, and its artful and crafty mixture of MORRIS wall-papers, meetings for working men, sage-green gowns and movements generally. I should explain that the date of the story is given as thirty years ago; and from this I am forced to believe that the designer of the attractive wrapper of the volume has been somewhat led astray by the title. We were undoubtedly "Victorians" thirty years ago, but with all the vehemence of the middle-ageing I must protest against the suggestion that we came within the era of crinolines and ringlets. However, let it pass. The book has its own charm and interest as a minute analysis of young womanhood, and the author has built up in *Rose* a character sufficiently attractive for us to bear the prospect of further revelations with equanimity.

No doubt it was because Mr. F. FRANKFORT MOORE admired (as we all do) the wonderful and self-sacrificing work performed since the War started by our amateur nurses that he set out to write a book that should commemorate some of their difficulties and triumphs. He may conceivably have been influenced by the consideration that as everyone is more or less concerned with nursing nowadays there would be a safe welcome for a volume about it. So far excellent. But I am sorry that he decided to produce it in the form of fiction. Because my honest impression of *The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital* (HUTCHINSON) is that, while the hospital part is interesting enough, the romance is boresome to a degree. As a story also it contains certain features that, to say the least, leave me unconvinced. The first of these is the attitude of the hero, who, having been told by two doctors that he had an enlarged heart, let concealment of this blameless fact prey on his damask cheek because he "shrank from the stigma of rejection through being medically unfit"; and then was furious with all the other characters for the excusable suspicion that he was shirking. Frankly, I find myself as little able to admire as to believe in him. Naturally, however, the laws of fiction require that he shall eventually perform prodigies of valour. Indeed the Red Cross Hospital is founded to his memory, after he has been supposed to have perished in rescuing people from a shipwreck. As a matter of fact he hadn't perished at all; but that is another story. My second charge of incredibility against Mr. MOORE is based on the fact that he makes an educated woman of to-day suppose the "theatre" of a hospital to be a building for the production of plays. Name, please!

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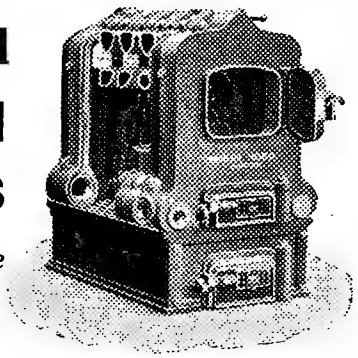

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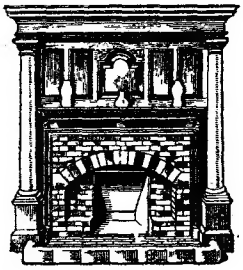

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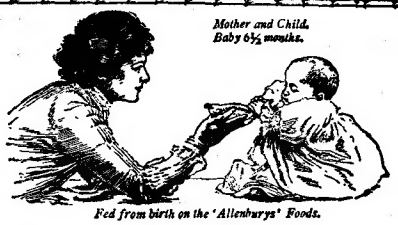
A Special Appeal on Behalf of Baby



Mother and Child. Baby 6½ months.

Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

Naturally a Healthy Mother

should feed her own child, and no cause, save inability, should prevent her doing so. But there are many mothers who, though willing, cannot wholly or even partially, nurse their children. Either they have no milk for them, or it is poor in quality and deficient in sustenance.

The Question then arises

what food should be given to Baby. Carefully consider this highly important point. Remember, that the right food, given at the proper age will lay a sure foundation for future health and happiness. Ordinary cow's milk is totally unsuitable as a food for young infants; it is acid, contains indigestible curd and is frequently swarming with dangerous germs, especially in summer time. Farinaceous Foods must not be given, as a child under six months of age cannot digest starch.

A Satisfactory Solution

of the difficult problem of feeding children by hand is provided by using the 'Allenburys' Foods. Prepared as directed, these pure Foods closely resemble healthy mother's milk in composition, nutritive value and digestibility. They are the outcome of prolonged scientific investigation, carried out with all the resources of wide manufacturing facilities and experience.

Decide to use

the 'Allenburys' Foods. By so doing the many serious ailments which follow the use of unsuitable food will be avoided, and Baby will be equipped with sound health and strength.

The Method of Simplicity and Certainty

The 'Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1.	MILK FOOD No. 2.	MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From birth to 3 months.	From 3 to 6 months.	From 6 months upwards.
In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each.	In tins at 1/6 and 3/- each	In tins at 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/- each

The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted).

A useful addition to baby's dietary when 10 months old and after.
In tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each

Write for a large sized **Free Sample** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* **free book "Infant Feeding and Management"** *64 pages of valuable information for every mother*

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard St., London
Established 1715.

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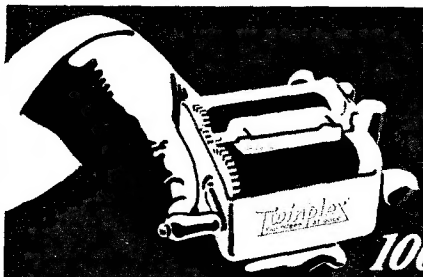

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for Double edge blades

100 shaves from 1 blade

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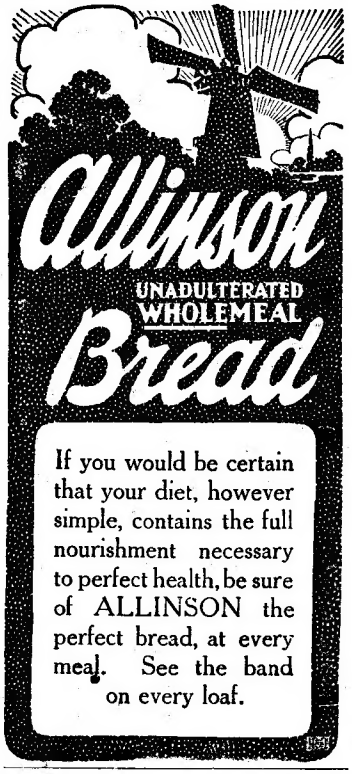

If you would be certain that your diet, however simple, contains the full nourishment necessary to perfect health, be sure of ALLINSON the perfect bread, at every meal. See the band on every loaf.

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'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS

RATS without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats, 2 6 & 6/-; for Mice, 1/6.
OF ALL CHEMISTS.
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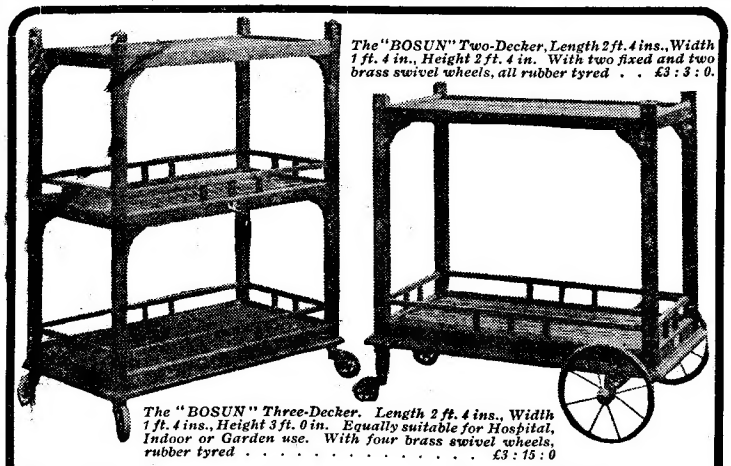

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They ease the work. It takes little effort to propel them. They are silent and have ample carrying capacity.

Seasoned Teakwood and skilled Craftsmanship give them lifelong durability. They are distinctive, historic and hygienic.

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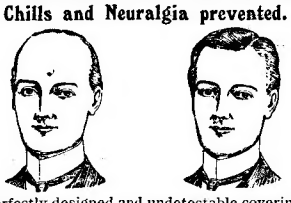

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THE WAR
Has entailed a heavy burden on our Funds owing to the increased cost of food and materials.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES AND TRAINING SHIPS
'Arethusa' & 'Chichester'
have sent their Old Boys into 70 BRITISH REGIMENTS and into the vessels of the BRITISH FLEETS. Over **2,000** boys have joined the Royal Navy. **6,000** have entered the Merchant Service. **1,200** Boys and Girls now being maintained.
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includes Hospital in France, very numerous Rest Huts for Troops at Home and Abroad, Ambulance Cars and Kitchen Car at the Front, Canteens for Munition Workers, Parcels for Troops and Prisoners of War, and several other Branches.
PLEASE HELP US.
Cheques crossed "Barclays'," to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

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The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen"
WAVERLEY
THE WORLD-FAVOURITE NIB

SMOOTH & DURABLE
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
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All Postage paid. Cash with Order.
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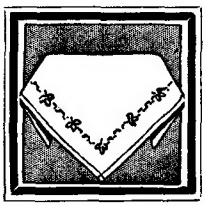
TOILET PAPER
THIN, SOFT, STRONG AND SILKY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Made in England by English firm & English labour.

Linen that wears well



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¶ ***Price List, full particulars and cuttings sent free upon request.***

Robinson & Cleaver
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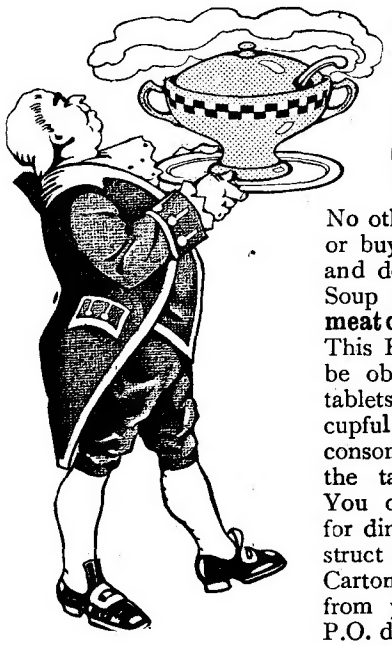
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL



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No other soup you can make or buy is half so nourishing and delicious as Real Turtle Soup made from the **pure meat of West Indian Turtles.** This King of Soups can now be obtained in compressed tablets, sufficient to make a cupful of that rich flavoured consommé once limited to the tables of the mighty. You can have **Real Turtle** for dinner this evening. Instruct your cook to get a 1/- Carton, containing six tablets from your Grocer, or send P.O. direct to—

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P.S.

CENSOR (*opening letter*). What's the meaning of this? I have seen it in a great many letters:—'DON'T FORGET THE P.S.'

CENSOR'S ASSISTANT. Oh, don't you know what that means?—

DON'T FORGET PEARS' SOAP.

CENSOR. Ah, yes, of course. I must make a note of that for myself.

Pears' Soap

is a great favourite at the Front and very helpful to the boys, enabling them to get a thorough washing at a moment's notice. Pears is most Refreshing and Exhilarating to the skin.

So don't you forget the P.S.

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